DISAPPOINTED MATTIE.

By Hilda Richmond.

Mattie was cross because she had to take little John out in his carriage when she wanted to play with Lottie.

"He's the crossest baby that ever was," she grumbled, as she settled him in his nest of robes. I wouldn't mind taking him if he behaved himself, but he cries for just nothing."

"Yes, he is rather cross this morning," said Mrs. Rodney, who usually looked sad when Mattie complained about her little brother. "He behaved badly all night."

"He always does," said Mattie, glad to have some sympathy. "He is just as naughty as he can be."

As the little carriage went down the walk, John did not want to be tucked in, so he cried.

"Dear me!" said a lady who was passing; "what a bad child. Just hear him cry! I think a good spanking would help him."

"He isn't cross at all," said Mattie, indignantly. "He doesn't feel well. His teeth hurt him."

"Well! well!" said the lady, who had not meant Mattie to hear. "He certainly cried as though his temper had something to do with his troubles. I feel sorry for you, little girl, that you have to bother with him."

A few minutes later Lottie came out and stopped to talk with Mattie.

"I'm glad I have no little cross-patch to look after," she said. "If I had a little brother who behaved as John does, I'd want to give him away."

"That's only because you're selfish," said Mattie, with dignity. "My grandmamma says it makes children selfish to be alone."

"Well, I'd rather be alone, I'm sure, than to be bothered with a cross little brother."

By this time John had settled down to have a good time, and Mattie walked on. An old gentleman stopped to wave his cane at him, and John puckered up his face to cry.

"Sissy, you've got a cross baby to take care of," said the old gentleman. "I guess you don't get much play time."

Mattie could stand it no longer. She turned back toward home, and when she got there she sobbed out her woes in her mother's lap.

"Everybody is so mean, mamma," she said. "They all say poor little John is cross and ugly, when he is only sick. I think they are all wicked."

"But, my dear, you said so yourself," her mother said. "You must not be disappointed when other people think as you do."

"Well, I am disappointed," said Mattie. "I'd a great deal rather they would say I'm cross and ugly than to say it about our poor little sick baby. He's just as good as gold, isn't he?"

And if you'll believe it, when Mattie went out smiling and happy everybody turned to smile at the baby and his little nurse, and not once did any one say anything unkind about little John. Even Lottie offered to trade her very best blue tea set for him, when he laughed and clapped his hands for Mattie, but Mattie refused to think of such a thing.

"He's the best baby in the world," she said, "and the very nicest little playmate any girl could have." And she meant every word of it.—Herald and Presbyter.

AN ORIGINAL FABLE.

As life wears on, one often fails to see the benefits which are the outcome of present drudgery. This fable shows that labor, though sometimes weary and monotonous, has its ultimate reward.

"Put the young horse in plough," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the gray mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are we going now?' he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning around to the old gray mare.

"Keep on," said the gray mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the gray mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it." But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got—not reconciled to it—but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats, "I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing; do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of coming down again? Its enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious!" said the young horse.

"Then please to remember, if there were no ploughing, there would be no oats."